



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess
Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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(Continued)

"My most beautiful Lady Roberta, do I find that it is you who have come to my rescue?" he questioned. "I lost you, mon enfant, in that great New York."

"My beloved captain, how is it that I find you thus?" I exclaimed as I went to within his reach and allowed that he take my two hands in his poor shackled ones and put warm kisses of greeting upon them.

And it was while I was shedding tears of pity for the imprisonment of that great man of France in that mountain hut in America as he kissed my hands that I raised my eyes to encounter a cold lightning as of a flash on steel from under the black brows of my Gouverneur Faulkner of the state of Harpeth, that again froze the blood in my heart.

"You?" he asked of me in a voice that was of the same coldness and sharpness as that of steel, and his beautiful mouth was set into one straight line as he flung into my face that one word.

CHAPTER XV.

All is Lost.

And that word of challenge I made no answer, but I raised my head and looked into his eyes with a dignity that came to me as my right from suffering. So regarding each other, we stood for a very short minute, in which the Capitaine the Count de Lasselles raised his hand from his kisses of salutation upon my hands.

"And, mon enfant, is this the good uncle, to whom care you came into America?" asked that Capitaine the Count de Lasselles as he reached out his imprisoned hands for greeting to my relative.

I did not make any answer to that question. My head raised itself yet higher, and I looked my Gouverneur Faulkner full in the face while I waited to hear what he would answer of my kinship to him.

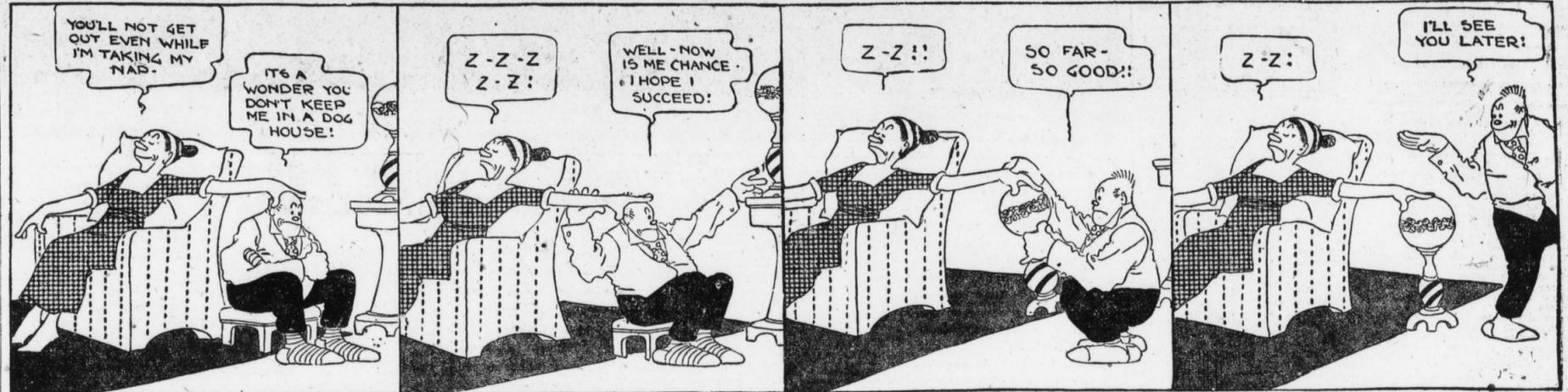
"Sir, I am the friend of General Carruthers, and I am also the governor of the state of Harpeth. I have come across the mountains to talk with you about the business of this contract for mules for your army, and I have brought your young friend to assist me if I should need translating from or to you. We Americans, captain, are poor hand-lers of any language not our own, and the matter is of much gravity." And as the Gouverneur Faulkner spoke those words to my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles, with a great courtesy, but also a great sternness, in which he named me, not as his friend, but as the friend of that Cap-taine the Count de Lasselles, I knew that I was placed by him among all women liars of the world and that to him his boy Robert of honor was of a truth dead forever.

"It is indeed of such a gravity that I have come from the English Canada to make all clear to myself," answered my beloved Capitaine the Count de Lasselles as he drew him-self to his entire height, which was well nigh as great as that of the gouverneur of the state of Harpeth. "And I have ridden a day and a night, sir, for the same purpose," answered my great Gouverneur Faulk-ner, with that beautiful courtesy of business I have always observed him to use in the transaction of his affairs

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



In his office at the capitol of the state of Harpeth. "And as one of us must make a beginning will you not tell me, captain, why you are here and in this predicament?"

"In a few words I will make all clear to you, your excellency," made answer my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles, with an air of courtesy equal to that of the Gouverneur Faulkner. "I sent down into your state of Harpeth one of my commis-sion, to whom I gave the direction that with a lack of annoying pub-licity he should investigate the pre-paredness of the state of Harpeth to deliver those 5,000 mules to the re-publique of France as was being pro-posed. Behold, a report that all is well comes to me but—ah, it is with sorrow and shame that such a thing could be done by a son of poor France who struggles for life—among the sheets of that report were left by mistake the fragments of a draft of a letter to an American woman which made a partial dis-closure of an intended falseness of that statement to me. Immediately I came alone to interview that false officer, and I find him gone from that small town not far from here into your capital. I was seeking rap-idly to ride alone by directions into your capital city to prevent that he make a signature, which I had given to him the authority to write, to those papers of so great importance. I was thus arrested by that man of great wisdom, whose patois I could not understand, as he could not comprehend the English I make use of, and you see me thus. I beg of you to tell me if that wicked signature has been made?"

"The papers have not been signed, thank God, captain, and your very impatient lieutenant is being shown some southern hospitality by the flower and chivalry of old Harpeth. And I beg your pardon for allowing you to be a prisoner a minute longer than necessary," was the answer made to him by my Gouverneur Faulkner. "Until the captain, Jim, he's all right. And you can bring us a little of your mountain dew while I clear this table here to use for the papers of our business." And still his my Gouverneur Faulkner did not speak or look at me, and in my heart I then knew that he never would.

"I will make all ready," I said as I lifted a large gun, a horn of a beast full of powder and several pipes with tobacco from the table of round boards that stood under the wind for light.

"Ah, that is a good release! Thank you that you did not make tight enough for abrasions your cords, my good man," said my Capitaine the Count de Lasselles as he stretched out his arms and then bent to make a rubbing of his ankle upon which had been the chain.

[To be Continued.]

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"I think we're taking a awful chance," said Warren.

"Oh, but dear," remonstrated Helen, "you know how well Mrs. Stevens recommended the place."

"Yes, but what they like and what we like are two entirely different matters," Warren returned perver-sely.

Helen wanted to ask him why he hadn't complained before they started, instead of waiting until they were actually on the train, to make things unpleasant, but she kept silent and looked steadily out of the window.

"Has she ever been there herself?" Warren asked, throwing down his paper.

"No, but she has a friend who has a cottage there. Remember, Warren, I suggested the place to you, and you decided to try it. If you don't like it after we get there, don't blame me for it."

"Don't worry you're not going to be blamed," And Warren turned back to the perusal of his paper.

They were on their way to spend a week at the hotel which had been decided on a place they had never heard of. Warren had made up his mind to leave town very quickly, and, once having made it up, he was eager to get off. Consequently, al-most before he knew it, Helen found herself on the train, accom-modations arranged for at the hotel, and everything promising a good rest, for that was what they wanted.

"What a wonderful off her hands in the mountains with friends, Helen felt that she could really enjoy a vacation. She really cared very little about the place itself, if it only pleased the idea first.

It was with a great deal of trep-idation that she took her seat in the lumbering stage that was too tight then to the hotel after they arrived at the little station. But as she glimpsed the hotel itself, a large, ungainly place lying along the shore, its rambles and wide porches faintly reminiscent of an English Inn, she drew a breath of relief. Surely they ought to be comfortable here.

A good natured porter took them to a room with a window facing the sea. Helen exclaimed delightedly, and even Warren grunted approvingly.

"Huh," he remarked, "this looks promising."

"Why, it's lovely, dear," Helen enthused. "Just the kind of a place we've always been hunting for. The people all look so nice and friendly and I am sure we'll have a fine time."

"Yes, that's it," Warren said turn-ing suddenly from the window. "We come down here for a rest and the first thing you do is to talk about

PUT WHEELS ON HOUSE AND THEN STOLE IT

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 22.—Charged with attempting to steal a house which it is alleged he had jacked up on wheels and was moving from a lot at Bell Station, E. L. Smith was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Modie.

The owner of the house is Fred B. The tenant is Tomasio Sanchez. Sanchez, it was claimed, owed Smith money which he failed to collect. Then, it is alleged, Smith at-

tempted to move the house away while Sanchez and his family were at the beach.

The removal was prevented by Rubio, who chanced to be passing and saw his property being moved away.

OH! JOHNNY! GIRLS SHRIEK

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 23.—Young women at a church picnic shrieked when Johnny yanked off his pants—

Wait! Most of the campers of the Des Moines meeting were gathered about

an improvised arena to witness the stunts of the boys, who, by way of celebrating the last day of their out-ing, were permitted to present a circus performance. Johnny stepped forward to fight the challenger. Myriads of churchy eyes were upon him. He threw off his coat; then his pants!

A shriek! He threw off another coat—another pair of pants.

"Oh!" from the girls. Another coat and more pants. "Is that horrid boy going to— No, he wasn't. After peeling off

five more suits he reached swimming trunks and there he paused and announced himself ready to fight.

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Do Not Ask A Fighting Man To Carry Your Parcels

The United States Government makes the request of Retail Merchants and the Public at Large — "Avoid waste in labor, capital, material and equipment and thereby release when needed men and capital for the defense of this Nation."

To conform to the Government's request Retail Merchants of Harrisburg will after August 15, 1917

Make but Two Deliveries to Each Home Per Day

Help Harrisburg Stores Help the Government

MAKE CAREFUL SELECTION A HABIT
BUY ONLY THAT WHICH YOU ARE GOING TO KEEP
AVOID C. O. D. PURCHASES WHENEVER POSSIBLE

A number of vacancies have already been caused in the delivery departments of the stores of this city on account of enlistments, and no doubt future enlistments and drafts will bring about a more serious shortage of men in this line of service. The Government says that the places of these men cannot be filled by taking men from occupations more vital to the conduct of war.

Merchants and the Public must organize to meet this condition before it becomes acute.

Similar action is being taken in all cities of the Country.

Every citizen can now do his bit.

Opportunity to serve in this war has come to few but is spreading to all. This is your opportunity.

England smarting under bitter experiences, due to delay, urges the United States to act immediately.

France allows but three deliveries a week. The United States Government asks that you help reduce deliveries to one a day, and may later request further sacrifice.

- These Stores Are Co-operating With the United States Government and the Council of National Defense**
- Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart,
 - The Hub,
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 - Bogar, Sporting Goods,
 - Wm. Strouse,
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 - Re-al Umbrella Store,
 - Astrich's,
 - Doutrichs,
 - Steckly's Shoe Store,
 - Ladies' Bazaar,
 - The Globe,
 - Crego Shoe Store,
 - Salkin's Golden Rule Department Store,
 - Rothert Company,
 - H. Marks & Son,
 - J. H. Troup Music House,
 - P. G. Diener,
 - Goldsmith's,
 - J. H. Brenner,
 - Robinson's Woman Shop,
 - Paul's Shoe Store,
 - Witmer, Bair & Witmer,
 - Fackler's,
 - Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Company,
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DAILY DOT PUZZLE

Beatrice Fairfax Says
Don't Be Faint-Hearted

Dear Miss Fairfax: Having read and appreciated your advice to others, I come to you with my problem and trust you will advise me as you think best.

I am a young man 23 years of age. I met a young lady about two months ago of whom I think a great deal. I see her quite often and speak to her, but every time I get ready to ask her if I may take her to church or see her home I lose my nerve for fear she may refuse to accept my offer, and if she tell me "No" I am sure that when I would again pass her on the street I wouldn't be able to face her; my heart would be broken. Yet, I do not want to lose her friendship, as I think too much of her. Kindly advise me in what manner I am to ask to become her escort.

Her friends have told me that she thinks I am awfully nice and that she thinks a great deal of me, yet with all that I cannot get my nerve together to ask if I could see her home. I am not naturally of a bashful disposition. I met a number of girls before in my life, but they have never affected me in this same way.

Hoping to be answered soon through the paper and thanking you in advance for your advice, I remain, Yours truly,

LOVELORN.

Don't stand back and watch the other fellows sail in and carry her off, but take your nerve in hand and ask her in the most matter of fact way to permit you to take her to church or see her home. Make the engagement before the services so that if she does happen to have another engagement she can tell you when alone. Almost any self-respect-ing man can win the girl he wants, no matter how inaccessible she seems, for she is "just home folks" after all and will prefer a manly man to one with lack of initiative.

Sixty-nine lines brings my
Trace and find. It rhymes with
Molly.
Draw from one to two and so on
to the end.